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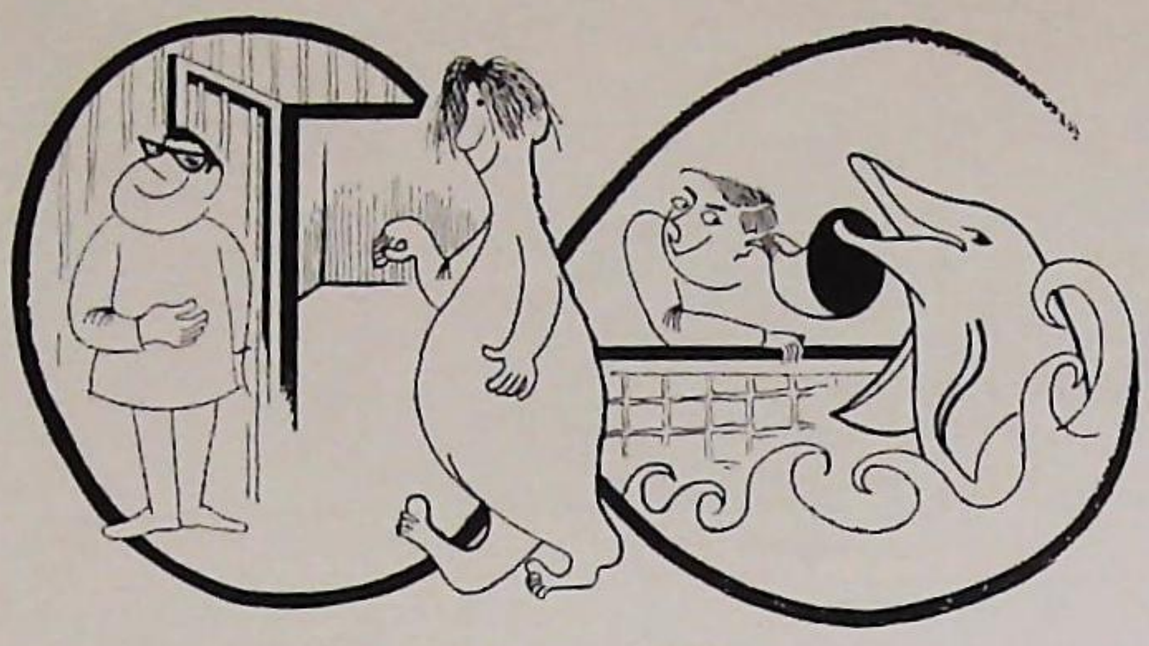

Reviews

Exercises in unnatural history

Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life, by Ivan T. Sanderson. *Chilton Co., $7.50; 525 pp., bibliography, index, appendixes, illus.*

A free-lance zoologist of Scottish birth and American citizenship, Ivan Sanderson has traveled over much of the earth in pursuit of his work. He has written a dozen or more popular books on zoology and has appeared frequently on television with his vertebrate companions. In the book under review he has massively attacked one of the most controversial questions of modern zoology, the evidence for and against the existence of the Abominable Snowman, or ABSM for short.

What most scientists—if they are willing to consider it at all—consider to be a restricted problem (what *is* it that keeps popping up in the rhododendron thickets and snowfields of the Himalayan area?) Sanderson has blandly converted into a nearly global one. This he has done by collecting accounts of "wild men," mysterious marauders, large two-legged animals, and almost anything like them seen moving in the woods round the world and then labeling the reported creature an ABSM.

As a result, Sanderson can cite "evidence" for the existence of such creatures from every continental land mass except Australia and Antarctica. By this not very subtle technique of expanding ABSM "populations," he ends with such a mixed bag that he has been forced to provide zoology with a new classification of this hypothetical collection of genera.

Some of Sanderson's investigations were made personally in the field (particularly in the last two years, in the area from California to British Columbia) but most of his information stems from an egregious culling of a literature that is necessarily overweighted with newspaper and magazine reports. At that, he says his bibliography (over 350 titles) is but a fraction of the works consulted. To the reader of his 150,000 words here, it is clear that Sanderson has done voluminous research.

Sanderson's technique in this book is to develop his data and ideas through several stages. First he presents—mostly in uncritical fashion—all of his ABSM evidence, however factual or fatuous, from continent to continent. This excursion in detail starting in North America and ending in the Himalayas, takes up three-fourths of the book.

Next Sanderson consolidates this material and analyzes it in terms of three kinds of evidence: *Intrinsic* (mostly skin, hair, and blood); *Cognate* (excrement and tracks); and *Corollary*, a category that includes cries, other noises, body odor, and activities (such as moving rocks). In this section of his book, Sanderson is quite critical, and downgrades much of the evidence he has previously presented in detail. The result, of course, is a substantial waste of a serious reader's time, but Sanderson seems to be shooting for a wider audience. Then, in an effort to project ABSM's into the past, he reviews the subject of fossil apes and fossil men in a way that will seem strange to professional anthropologists. He also reviews what he calls MLF (or Myths, Legends, and Folklore), and goes on to equate the product of these analyses with the facts of climate, phytogeography (plant distribution), and zoogeography. He then castigates the professional skeptics who have scoffed at the ABSM business in whole or in part, and have also failed to give ABSM-workers the necessary technical help. Finally, he states his conclusions: that at least four kinds of bipedal primates unknown to orthodox science roam the world today.

Sanderson's appendixes consist of a discourse on the philology of the names given putative ABSM's throughout the world, a primate family tree with a special chart for apes and men, a list of Himalayan animals that might conceivably have been mistaken for ABSM's, and a welcome de-debunking of Sir Edmund Hillary's recent Yeti debunking.

All of this is a large order, even for an overweight book, packed with facts, near-facts, fables, zoological principles, personal likes and dislikes, repetitions, and some downright mistakes. Most of the latter are unimportant and unnecessary, because they fall in fields peripheral to the main subject. Despite the repetitive blustering against unbelievers (which reminds one a little of Mohammed's condemnation of infidels in the sura of the Holy Koran entitled *Kafiruna*), Sanderson's is a book that merits patient reading with open mind.

THE author's principal thesis is that the higher primates, particularly the pongids (apes) and hominids (Australopithecines and men) survive in more zoological forms than those now recognized, i.e., gibbons, siamangs, orangs, chimpanzees, gorillas, and *Homo sapiens*. All of these hypothetical, unrecognized forms he lumps into the ABSM category, into which he also lumps such Hominidae as the Australopithecines, the fossil men that anthropologists are coming more and more to call *Homo erectus* (Pithecanthropus, Sinanthropus, Solo Man, Rhodesian Man, and the like), and the Neanderthals, which most of us now call a subspecies of *Homo sapiens*.

Sanderson's new classification thus includes both pongids and hominids—presumably living but unrecognized—as well as others that are extinct. However, Sanderson's principal concern is with the unrecognized living forms, which he divides into four groups.

I. *Subhumans* (East Eurasian and Oriental region). These are said to be men of normal size, covered with body hair, who make a rudimentary use of tools, have some form of vocal communication, smell badly, climb rocks, and swim. They have been reported in Malaya, Yunnan, the Pamirs and Mongolia.

II. *Proto-Pygmies* (Oriental region, Africa, and possibly central and northwest South America). These are said to be pygmy-sized creatures, with black or red fur, who go about in family groups, have a primitive form of language, climb trees and swim, live in tropical forests down to the seashore and coastal swamps, and are omnivorous. Among them are the frog-eating Teh-lmas of the valley forests of the Himalayas, and certain alleged denizens of Colombia, Sumatra, and West and East Africa.

III. *Neo-Giants* (Indochina, East Eurasia, North and South America). These are the hairy, seven-foot monsters reported recently in California, and their Asiatic counterparts. Their supposed tracks show them to have very large feet, which look human in most respects, but show a double pad under the great toes.

These animals are said to use no tools, to communicate only by loud screams, and to be less human-like in behavior than the first two. They include the Dzu Teh of Indochina and Szechwan, and the Sasquatch, or Oh-Mah, of North America (popularly known as Big Foot).

IV. *Subhominids* (South-central Eurasia, Nan Shan, Himalayas, and Karakoram). These alone are said to have fanged canine teeth, and to drop on their knuckles like the gorilla. Their footprints are the only ones that show opposable toes. These elusive animals, known as the Meh Teh in the Himalayas, are also the only ones that seem pongid. The Meh Teh is the original, classical Abominable Snowman, or Yeti, with whose nineteenth-century "discovery" all of this ABSM business started.

In the major part of his book, as we have seen, Sanderson recounts numerous reports of people sighting these animals, or seeing their tracks, or their feces and other remains, in five continents. He starts with northern California, where an ABSM of the third and largest category disrupted a crew building a logging road. The creature reportedly threw fuel-oil drums into a gorge, left tracks and excrement in profusion, and showed himself briefly in the glare of automobile headlights. Two physicians driving home late at night on Route 299 also said they saw such an animal.

Sanderson pieces out this evidence with the tale of a Swedish gentleman in British Columbia who reluctantly admits that he was kidnapped in his sleeping bag by an ABSM thirty-five years ago. His captor carried him to a mountain glen where the victim was held prisoner for several days before escaping. While a few ABSM witnesses, such as this one, are willing to make their names public, Sanderson says that most of them hold back through fear of ridicule. At any rate, a number of well-equipped teams are now searching for these creatures in the American Northwest. If they are really there, at least one of them should be found within a reasonable time.

To me the least credible story of this lot involves an unnamed split-level community on the edge of the montane forest, thirty miles from an unnamed California city. The children of this community who are under seven years old spend their spare time in the fields, playing with little hairy ones that come down from the trees. But, when adults come, the hairy ones dart back up in the trees. Sanderson reports that the adults know this, but are ashamed to mention it or to do anything about it. This tale leaves me completely incredulous, not so much about the hairy playmates as about the pusillanimous behavior of the adult Californians.

Another item that strains my credulity to near the snapping point is Sanderson's statement that, when he was a boy, one of his schoolmates had a three-inch, hairy tail. If his companion did, his abnormality should be the subject of a medical report rather than an item in this book, where it is completely extraneous. Inclusion of this tale suggests that Sanderson, for reasons of his own, is deliberately trying to be disbelieved.

Compared to the northwestern U.S.A. and Canada, South America and Africa are thinly represented by ABSM reports, even with Sanderson's grab bag techniques of collecting them. We do not come back into odd-primate pay dirt until we reach the Caucasus. There a Russian scientist saw one, observed it carefully, shot at it—and missed. Other Russian scientific reports from the Pamirs are of the same quality, and the evidence from the Himalayas is too well known for detailed coverage here.

HAVING finished his tongue-in-cheek world tour of evidence of all degrees of credibility, Sanderson drops his bland mask and becomes critical. He casts out many of the tales previously told, and analyzes the most solid items. In his array of "intrinsic" evidence, skin samples so far obtained have been taken from dried specimens kept in Nepalese and Tibetan lamaseries. Not one of these can be proved to have come from an ABSM, nor is there reason to believe that the specimens were supposed to be Yeti "scalps" in the first place. Some hair samples come from the same lamasery scalps and are equally unreliable; others were picked up near ABSM tracks. For technical reasons, these are hard to analyze, partly because of variation in different parts of the same pelage. At any rate, we know that such hairs from Nepal were not shed by bears, the principal suspects. Blood analysis has so far been inconclusive.

"Cognate" evidence consists of excrement and tracks. The supposed ABSM feces are hominid or pongid in shape. In Nepal, they contain pika fur, whiskers, and bones, chick feathers, insect "claws," and grass. In California, they are almost all vegetable, and one contains a *Trichurus* parasite (said to be found in primates other than man).

The tracks, of which many photographs have been taken and some plaster casts made (in mud), are the best evidence so far. All but those attributed to the Meh Teh (Yeti proper) are roughly hominid in form, and the Meh Teh's are roughly pongid. I agree with Sanderson that not all these tracks, if any, were made by bears or other non-primates, and that not all, if any, were hoaxes.

Sanderson next correlates ABSM reports with phytogeography and zoogeography, to show that the reports come mostly from evergreen, montane forests. He also explores world mythology, including the Book of Genesis (the latter with the help of a learned rabbi). Finally, Sanderson shows that Hillary's recent "exposure" of the Snowman was an insubstantial red herring, because the goatskin "scalp" that he exhibited on television was not supposed to be that of a Yeti, anyhow, and because his explanation of the tracks he found in the snow is contraverted by better evidence.

I view this book with mixed feelings. I wish that Sanderson had been less chatty, colloquial, repetitive, and angry. His excursions into physical anthropology and human paleontology are subprofessional. I can understand his impatience with armchair "experts," but grow tired of hearing about their delinquencies. Still, the author has made at least one substantial point. The Yeti tracks found in Nepal by several reliable explorers seem to be those of some kind or kinds of large primate. Fundamentally, it is up to the anti-ABSM partisans to prove that nowhere in the world does a zoologically unrecognized pongid or other bipedal primate exist, as well as to find the other animal that makes the cryptic footprints in Nepal.

Let us hope that the orientation of this book, transparently aimed at a wide sale to sensation-seekers, will not discourage serious professional zoologists and anthropologists from making an all out effort to clarify this all too tangled question. Let us also hope—pending the possible delivery of some such animal, alive or dead—that the experts will not be moved to withdraw even farther behind the shelter of their microscopes.

CARLETON S. COON

Three individuals have been involved with the first two volumes reviewed this month. The matter of Abominable Snowmen is discussed by DR. COON, of the University of Pennsylvania, who brings to the subject decades of learning as a physical anthropologist. The problem of communications with dolphins is the joint concern of a biologist couple, the DRS. TAVOLGA. He is a research associate in animal behavior at THE AMERICAN MUSEUM; she, Associate Professor of Biology at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

MAN AND DOLPHIN, by John C. Lilly, M.D. *Doubleday & Co., $4.95; 312 pp., bibliography, appendixes, illus.*

SCIENTISTS AND LAYMEN interested in the behavior of animals—and especially of dolphins—have certainly noted newspaper and magazine reports in the last few years in which it has been alleged that Dr. John Lilly has claimed an ability to talk to dolphins. Those who have been waiting for an authoritative

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Goliath and the Naturalist

"Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life," by Ivan T. Sanderson *(Chilton. 450 pp. $7.50), presents the case for the possible survival of creatures half way between animal and man. H. R. Hays is author of "From Ape to Angel."*

By H. R. Hays

THE LEGEND of the abominable snowman has attracted something of the same kind of public attention (both credulous and skeptical) as the flying saucer affair. Mr. Sanderson assembles reports which, it seems, have been appearing for decades in various parts of the world, attempts to evaluate them, and examines the ethnological, paleontological, and geographical facts that could have a bearing on the possible continued existence of subhuman creatures in unexplored areas of the earth.

The news stories and accounts by travelers or government officials that speak of unidentified manlike animals are fairly frequent in the nineteenth century and, far from being confined to Eurasia, also occur in Canada, Malaya, Indo-China, and the Matto Grosso of Brazil. These stories deal with not one but four main types: little, reddish, hairy protopigmies; some sort of giant, a hairy, manlike creature that might be compared to the Neanderthaler, and finally the large, shaggy, apish Meh-teh of Tibet and the Himalayas.

Mr. Sanderson notes that in many cases there is substantial agreement between such reports and the legends current among preliterate peoples. He also points out how many unexplored and heavily forested areas of the earth still exist, and suggests that subhominoids, and also intermediate ape-like offshoots of the anthropoid stem, might have continued to exist in spite of gaps in the geological evidence. They would have given way before the advance of *Homo sapiens* and have taken to the remote fastnesses of the forested mountain areas; and in recent decades (during which the reports have increased) the activities of the bulldozer would have driven them out.

The skeptical are reminded of the capture in 1938 of the *Coelocanth*, a fish supposed to have died out 60,000,000 years ago, and the subsequent discovery in 1952 that it was common enough to be eaten by African fishermen. "We have ample evidence of all manner of sub-men and sub-hominids in the past . . . and still know very little of the major surface of our planet. For these reasons—and because of the discovery of all manner of huge forms of life right up to the time of writing . . . I cannot see any possible valid argument *against* the continual existence of ABSMs," writes Mr. Sanderson.

Unfortunately, in the case of the snowman no museum specimen exists, although reports of capture do occur. The only tangible evidence consists of photographs of unusually shaped footprints, piles of faeces which have been analyzed with vague results, and hair from the alleged skin of the beast. The first-hand accounts are sometimes funny, sometimes straightforward, and sometimes pure nonsense.

The material Mr. Sanderson has collected is interesting and would be more so if the book were half as long. The author's tendency to rail repeatedly against the closed minds of zoologists becomes an irritating mannerism. His style is so determinedly popular that it falls half way between that of the editor of a science fiction magazine and that of a chatty columnist in a village newspaper. However, the book should appeal to those interested in unsolved mysteries and the reader's curiosity is piqued by the tantalizing though remote possibility that the abominable snowman really does exist.

Is the Psyche Hiding Secrets?

"The Hidden Springs: An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception," by Renée Haynes *(Devin-Adair. 255 pp. $5), and* ***"Hidden Channels of the Mind," by Louisa E. Rhine*** *(William Sloane. 291 pp. $5), explore the mysterious manifestations of the paranormal, from religious and experimental viewpoints respectively. S. Ralph Harlow, professor emeritus of religion at Smith College, wrote "A Life After Death."*

By S. Ralph Harlow

DURING the past twenty years an increasing number of intelligent men and women of known integrity and scientific training have written books offering reliable data and cases to those inquiring minds who seek to know more about ESP and other psychic phenomena.

"The Hidden Springs" is of special interest because the author is a convert to Roman Catholicism and is also a member of the council of the British Society of Psychical Research. Mrs. Haynes brings as witness clairvoyant experiences of such men as Pope Benedict XIV, who wrote about those who "revealed knowledge of things to come, things past, present events distant in space, and the secret places of the heart." She also records how Pope Pius V told a number of his household "at the day and hour of its occurrence that the battle of Lepanto had been won, a fact verified some time afterwards when couriers traveling at sixteenth century speed arrived with the news." The author also quotes Catholic theologians on such matters as apparitions, poltergeists, haunted houses, and other psychic phenomena.

Her references to Thomas Aquinas are numerous. On the official Catholic position, she states that "Catholics like their spiritual fathers the Jews—are forbidden to try to develop and use the psi-function for any but a religious purpose." This may give the impression that Mrs. Haynes deals mostly with Catholic attitudes toward ESP and psychic phenomena. This is by no means true, the book covers a wide range of phenomena, much of it outside Catholic thought and dogma. The author has made a very special study of the psi-function in animals, especially as revealed in the habits of dogs, birds and insects such as the white ant. She discusses such problems as water dowsing, psychokinesis, and egg-sexing. An interesting comment is made about psi-functions among primitive civilizations such as that of the Bushman tribes in South Africa. There are descriptions of the psychic phenomena that took place in the Wesley home in England and the Fox household in Hydesville, New York. Mrs. Haynes remarks that "Francis Bacon was perhaps the first man ever to envisage the application of experimental methods to psi."

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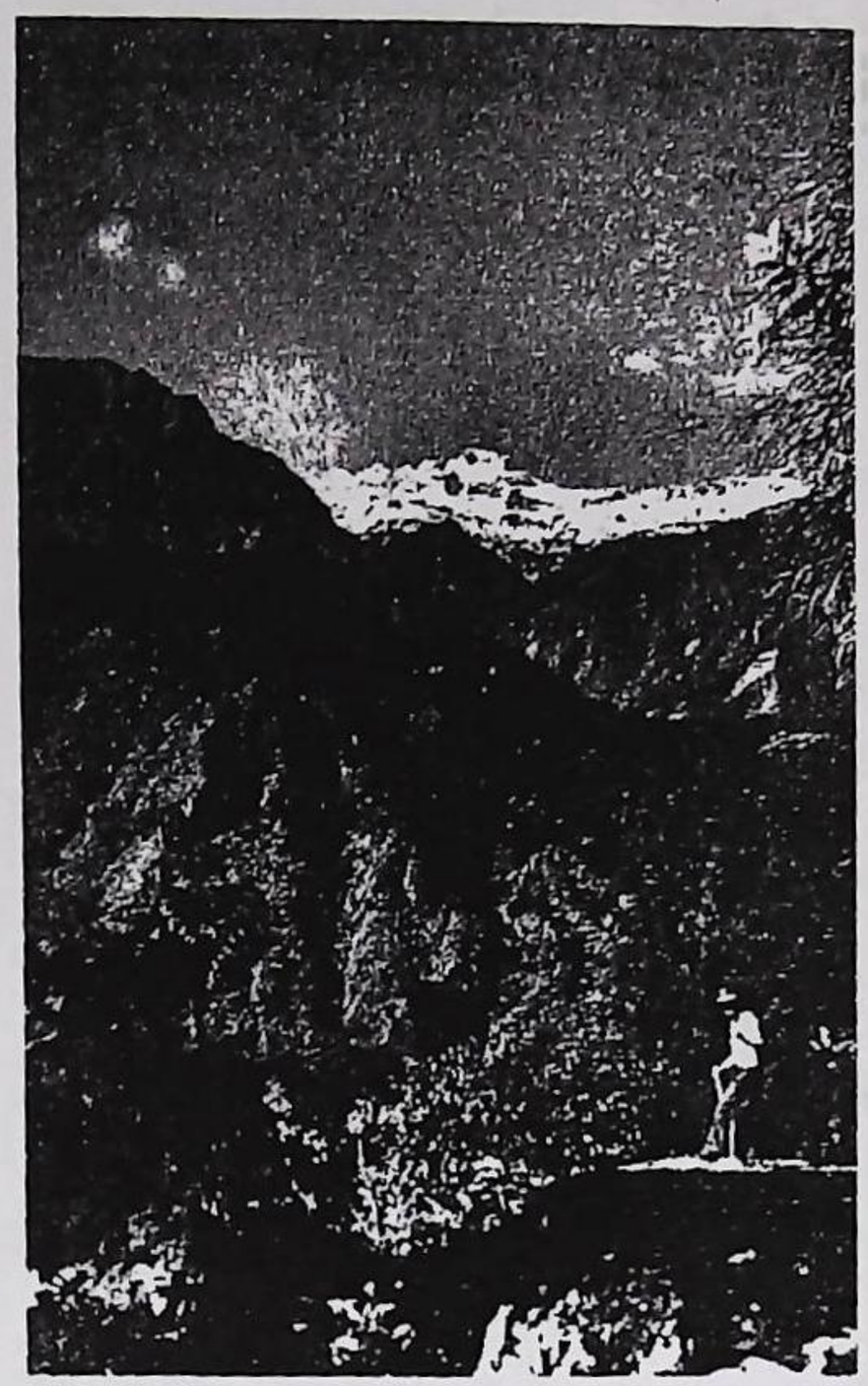
The Road to Gangtok

By a Staff Cartographer

Thirty-mile stretch of highway into the Kingdom of Sikkim abounds in exotic sounds and sights — and the constant awareness that nearby the tigers of Peking are growling.

By Richard Critchfield
Written for The Christian Science Monitor



By Gordon Graham

Rugged Sikkim: Future Scene of Sino-Indian Conflict?

Darjeeling, India

UP IN THIS NORTHEAST CORNER of India, threading its way into the Himalayan Mountains, is a 30-mile stretch of highway. It leads from Kalimpong, India, to Gangtok, the capital of the tiny mountain kingdom of Sikkim. If recent history had been different, the perilous but scenic road, and indeed the Kingdom of Sikkim itself, would have remained unknown to most people of the West.

Now, however, Communist China is probing for every possible way to push southward — slowly but steadily — toward India. Sikkim and the road to Gangtok may one day become a Chinese passway. Or perhaps the little kingdom will become itself a battleground, because Sikkim is a protectorate of India and therefore already harbors Indian troops.

North from Gangtok a jeep or tank need drive only 33 miles along a newly constructed road to the Tibetan border and the town of Chumbi, where there are large concentrations of Chinese Communist troops.

South from Gangtok and Sikkim is the Great Ganges Plain, and beyond that, the vital urban centers of India.

Thus the Kalimpong-Gangtok-Chumbi road is like a fragile thread connecting the two colossi, India and China. That slender highway may one day soon be on the world's front pages.

Tea and Hospitality

The present story is about a ride from Kalimpong to Gangtok. The road to Gangtok really begins at the Tista bridge, where our journey begins. Before crossing we must have our passports and Sikkim entrance permits checked by the Indian border police.

We are directed to an open tent on the river bank by the subinspector. He is a Tibetan, a garrulous clean-shaven young man with heavy black brows. He smiles steadily during our interview.

"I must offer you tea and hospitality," he says in his curious accent. "Many people pass here: Americans, Germans, Russian botanists, Chinese. The Americans are very jolly."

A Tibetan peasant comes up to the tent to register. His coarse black hair is parted in the middle and gathered in the back in long pigtails which are tied into a coil with grimy red ribbons.

His eyes are black and piercing and set into a face deeply wrinkled and lined, but strong, and the color of dark bronze. A loose black tunic is hanging from powerful shoulders. His feet and legs are encased in heavy felt boots.

The subinspector explains that the man is a refugee who has just crossed the border and is on his way to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. The Chinese let him leave Lhasa, Tibet, when he was able to prove Nepali citizenship. As the inspector talks the tall Tibetan watches the road, seeing beyond the road. In his black empty concentration there is seeming despair. When the subinspector completes writing on his paper, the refugee walks wordlessly away.

"How is he going?" we ask.

"He will walk."

"To Katmandu? It is several hundred miles away."

"Why not? He has already walked here from Lhasa."

'Yonder Lies the Road'

Festoons of faded prayer flags are fluttering from the girders over the rushing water. They flap furiously as we pass by in the open jeep. Beyond, the Tista waters are plunging down from the Himalayas, from the 17,500-foot-high Lake Cholama. Four miles up the river the Tista receives a torrent of water from the Great Rangit River, which flows out of the glacier of Kabru. Below the suspension bridge a tumultuous current flows over the rocky bed through precipitous banks.

"Yonder," exclaims our driver, a slant-eyed Lepcha, "yonder lies the road." The mists are rising and he points upward to the mountainsides aflame with rhododendron, to a narrow white track against the crimson and pink, which meanders along the river's steep banks. Tista behind; Ranggo, the border station, and then Gangtok, to come.

On the road we pass mules and road menders, grinning Nepali youths, children who wave and cheer, Lepcha women almost bent double under the weight of baskets laden with twigs and grass. Poor people, but laughing, sure-footed on the hard, bruising rocks.

Bare Feet, Bronze Legs

At last comes a bamboo forest, cool and linear, and shades of deep and deeper green. We enter shadow and a cool air breathes down, purple shadows come down from the steep rock slopes, the water is rushing below.

Bronze, dusty feet, bare on the mica rocks, move quickly out of the path of our fast-moving Land Rover. Bent women in black tunics with golden nose rings, their downcast eyes flashing briefly at the passing jeep and then down to the road as if the movement might unbalance the kindling strapped to their backs.

Bare feet on the road. The sturdy, bronze legs of coolies. The feet caked with the dust of the road.

A man flags us down and we offer him a ride. He is a giant, a Khampa warrior who says he has killed between 30 and 40 Chinese. The Khampa rebels are active now, he says, ambushing Chinese troops and traders along the border.

Losang, as he gives his name, tells us that the days of horror are over in Lhasa, capital of Tibet, and there is no more rape, torture, death by stoning or crude crucifixion. Today only forced labor and concentration camps, 20th-century Communist Chinese refinements.

He describes a new six-story building the Chinese have built at the foot of the Potala. Eleven power houses have been constructed, he says, and eight airfields, scattered along the border. Most of Lhasa is now Chinese, says Losang. Famine continues to rage there. The famine has softened the rule and men are allowed to pray at shrines again.

Third Highest Peak

In the full blaze of the afternoon sun, we enter a valley between walls of rock. Beyond the banyan trees we see, on each side, the steep sides of the mountain slopes hemming us in, keeping us perilously close to the torrent below, the slopes heavy-foliaged with pallid-trunked birch trees and, higher up, with sprouting, pointed spruce and pine. And beyond, a long, great mountainside, terraced with paddies rising up green and light to the darker, shaggier green of the forest behind.

We emerge into the valley. Just in front are paddies, fields of wheat and jowar and maize. The maize is not very high at this altitude.

The summer sun from a perfect blue sky pours down on the green valleys, blue hazy hills all still and the walls of rock before the huge bulk of Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest peak, far, far distant, against the blue sky, its snow blinding with sheer whiteness.

The high Himalayas—peaks of perpetual snow, glacier, and spring-fed rivers, rapidly descending down boulder-strewn rocky beds or tumbling down in thundering cataracts through the gorges; above valleys carpeted with daisies and empty vast fields of long grass, lakes, hot springs, water dropping in giant falls or standing frozen in eternal ice pillars; vast and pathless regions of snows, rocks, sands, pebbles, stretching hundreds and hundreds of miles, absolutely bleak, barren, and desolate, home of yak and musk deer, silence to swallow up the crack of a rifle or the yeti's shaggy huge shadow shrieking in the frigid night.

Propaganda From China

But here rich foliage, parasitical orchids and ferns, the orchids clinging to the tree trunks and branches of giant trees, feathery as those from Corot's brush. In the branches, rhesus monkeys, fruit bats, panthers and leopards, the screech of jungle crows, green magpies, parrots, bulbuls and hawks.

Dust flies with us along the road; dust and the copper faces of coolies, copper-dark faces against the copper-pale of the tree trunks.

Fields amidst the gray rocks and pallid birch trees, fields in the ricebowl, landslides, massive-fleshed bullocks and mud-crusty mules.

Communist China still broadcasts the assertion that Tibet is China's hand and Bhutan, India's Northeast Frontier Agency (NEFA), Sikkim, Ladakh, and Nepal are the fingers, says Losang. We know the border countries are saturated with Chinese propaganda. We think of the internal instability in Nepal, the incursions in Ladakh by Chinese troops, the concentrations of troops along the border of Bhutan and Sikkim like storm clouds on the horizon.

Sir Edmund Hillary's party on Mt. Makalu reported seeing Chinese rockets, adds the driver.

New Thoroughfares

The road leads past a monastery and we stop to watch the maroon-robed lamas. An old woman turns the "wheel of life" begging alms. The monks' lips move in silent prayer. The monks finger gently the beads strung around their necks.

They are open-countenanced, good-humored, with doe-like eyes that speak of a mute unanswered question. They, too, are on the road to Gangtok, exposed to wind and rain and a pitiless summer sun.

We follow their road. New thoroughfares are being forged here, concrete highways for the rapid transit of men and arms. Military convoys move where pilgrims and mule trains once passed.

Trucks, earth-moving equipment, battalions of jeeps, the jungle green of canvas encampments. Uneasy soldiers from the Indian plains, unused to the treacherous mountain roads. The jeep belonging to three Sikhs dangles from a tree a few feet from the road while the men wait for help. Further on, over a gorge, stunned soldiers stand and we follow their eyes down over the rocks to the bottom of a ravine where a new jeep with a red cross painted on its roof lies squashed.

A tired captain trudges by leading a long column of Sikh infantrymen marching heavily with automatic steps on the dusty road, marching without the dash and vigor of the Republic Day parade regiments, marching with labored steps toward the border.

Refugee Tells of Famine

The file of soldiers passes an approaching file: this time refugees from Tibet.

We stop one of the Tibetans and Losang speaks with him. A carpenter from Lhasa, the refugee's eyes are fixed as if sightless, watching the road, the road down which he has come. His glistening black hair is tightly braided with a grimy red cloth and tied behind his head. He has almond eyes and high cheekbones and skin like burnished bronze.

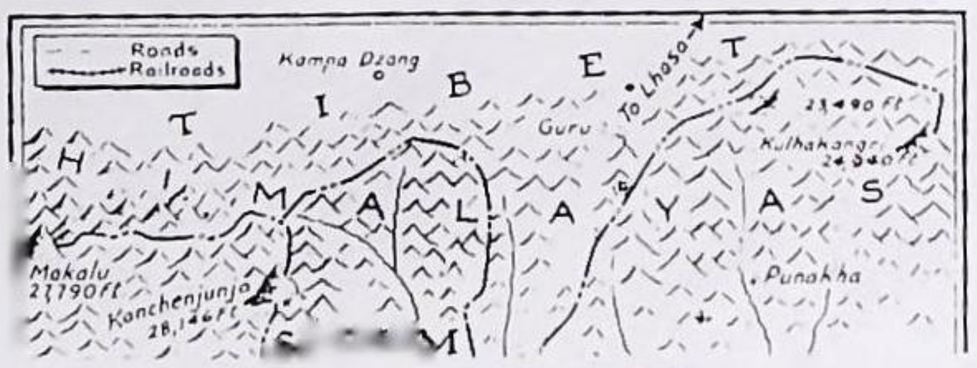
Gyatso, the carpenter, tells of the famine that forced his flight.

During the Iron Mouse Year the Communists required each man to plant 25 seedlings and kill 5 birds. Gyatso says [illegible] sparrows which killed crops. From the fourth to sixth month, they were to kill 5 flies daily and rise early each morning to collect manure. From the seventh to 10th month people were to reclaim fallow land and till it. They were also to kill five rats daily.

From the 10th to the 12th month they had to collect bones of dead animals and burn them for use as bone-meal manure. In the ninth month of the Iron Mouse Year, Gyatso says, the food shortage became very great. For a time he was prevented from [illegible]

Distant Drum Sounds

[illegible]



From the Bookshelf

Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Tracks [illegible] By Rich

known to most people of the West.

Now, however, Communist China is probing for every possible way to push southward — slowly but steadily — toward India. Sikkim and the road to Gangtok may one day become a Chinese passway. Or perhaps the little kingdom will become itself a battleground, because Sikkim is a protectorate of India and therefore already harbors Indian troops.

North from Gangtok, a jeep or tank need drive only 31 miles along a newly constructed road to the Tibetan border and the town of Chumbi, where there are large concentrations of Chinese Communist troops.

South from Gangtok and Sikkim is the Great Ganges Plain, and beyond that, the vital urban centers of India.

Thus the Kalimpong-Gangtok-Chumbi road is like a fragile thread connecting the two colossi, India and China. That slender highway may one day soon be on the world's front pages.

Tea and Hospitality

The present story is about a ride from Kalimpong to Gangtok. The road to Gangtok really begins at the Tista bridge, where our journey begins. Before crossing we must have our passports and Sikkim entrance permits checked by the Indian border police.

We are directed to an open tent on the river bank by the subinspector. He is a Tibetan, a garrulous clean-shaven young man with heavy black brows. He smiles steadily during our interview.

"I must offer you tea and hospitality," he says in his curious accent. "Many people pass here. Americans, Germans, Russian botanists, Chinese. The Americans are very jolly."

A Tibetan peasant comes up to the tent to register. His coarse black hair is parted in the middle and gathered in the back in long pigtails which are tied into a coil with grimy red ribbons.

His eyes are black and piercing and set into a face deeply wrinkled and lined, but strong, and the color of dark bronze. A loose black tunic is hanging from powerful shoulders. His feet and legs are encased in heavy felt boots.

The subinspector explains that the man is a refugee who has just crossed the border and is on his way to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. The Chinese let him leave Lhasa, Tibet, when he was able to prove Nepali citizenship. As the inspector talks the tall Tibetan watches the road, seeing beyond the road. In his black, empty concentration there is seeming despair. When the subinspector completes writing on his paper, the refugee walks wordlessly away.

"How is he going?" we ask.

"He will walk."

"To Katmandu? It is several hundred miles away."

"Why not? He has already walked here from Lhasa."

'Yonder Lies the Road'

Festoons of faded prayer flags are fluttering from the girders over the rushing water. They flap furiously as we pass by in the open jeep. Beyond, the Tista waters are plunging down from the Himalayas, from the 17,500-foot-high Lake Cholama. Four miles up the river the Tista receives a torrent of water from the Great Rangit River, which flows out of the glacier of Kahru. Below the suspension bridge a bus, to come.

On the road we pass mules and road menders, grinning Nepali youths, children who wave and cheer, Lepcha women almost bent double under the weight of baskets laden with twigs and grass. Poor people, but laughing, sure-footed on the hard, bruising rocks.

Bare Feet, Bronze Legs

At last comes a bamboo forest, cool and linear, and shades of deep and deeper green. We enter shadow and a cool air breathes down, purple shadows come down from the steep rock slopes, the water is rushing below.

Bronze, dusty feet bare on the mica rocks, move quickly out of the path of our fast-moving Land Rover. Bent women in black tunics with golden nose rings, their downcast eyes flashing briefly at the passing jeep and then down to the road as if the movement might unbalance the kindling strapped to their backs.

Bare feet on the road. The sturdy, bronze legs of coolies. The feet caked with the dust of the road.

A man flags us down and we offer him a ride. He is a giant, a Khampa warrior who says he has killed between 30 and 40 Chinese. The Khampa rebels are active now, he says, ambushing Chinese troops and traders along the border.

Losang, as he gives his name, tells us that the days of horror are over in Lhasa, capital of Tibet, and there is no more rape, torture, death by stoning or crude crucifixion. Today only forced labor and concentration camps, 20th-century Communist Chinese refinements.

He describes a new six-story building the Chinese have built at the foot of the Potala. Eleven power houses have been constructed, he says, and eight airfields, scattered along the border. Most of Lhasa is now Chinese, says Losang. Famine continues to rage there. The famine has softened the rule and men are allowed to pray at shrines again.

Third Highest Peak

In the full blaze of the afternoon sun, we enter a valley between walls of rock. Beyond the banyan trees we see, on each side, the steep sides of the mountain slopes hemming us in, keeping us perilously close to the torrent below, the slopes heavy-foliaged with pallid-trunked birch trees and, higher up, with sprouting, pointed spruce and pine. And beyond, a long, great mountainside, terraced with paddies, rising up green and light to the darker, shaggier green of the forest behind.

We emerge into the valley. Just in front are paddies, fields of wheat and jowar and

snow, glacier, and spring-fed rivers, rapidly descending down boulder-strewn rocky beds or tumbling down in thundering cataracts through the gorges; above valleys carpeted with daisies and empty vast fields of long grass; lakes, hot springs, water dropping in giant falls or standing frozen in eternal ice pillars; vast and pathless regions of snows, rocks, sands, pebbles, stretching hundreds and hundreds of miles, absolutely bleak, barren, and desolate, home of yak and musk deer, silence to swallow up the crack of a rifle or the yeti's shaggy huge shadow shrieking in the frigid night.

Propaganda From China

But here rich foliage, parasitical orchids and ferns, the orchids clinging to the tree trunks and branches of giant trees, feathery as those from Corot's brush. In the branches, rhesus monkeys, fruit bats, panthers and leopards, the screech of jungle crows, green magpies, parrots, bulbuls and hawks.

Dust flies with us along the road; dust and the copper faces of coolies, copper-dark faces against the copper-pale of the tree trunks.

Fields amidst the gray rocks and pallid birch trees, fields in the ricebowl, landslides, massive-fleshed bullocks and mud-crusty mules.

Communist China still broadcasts the assertion that Tibet is China's hand and Bhutan, India's Northeast Frontier Agency (NEFA), Sikkim, Ladakh, and Nepal are the fingers, says Losang. We know the border countries are saturated with Chinese propaganda. We think of the internal instability in Nepal, the incursions in Ladakh by Chinese troops, the concentrations of troops along the border of Bhutan and Sikkim like storm clouds on the horizon.

Sir Edmund Hillary's party on Mt. Makalu reported seeing Chinese rockets, adds the driver.

New Thoroughfares

The road leads past a monastery and we stop to watch the maroon-robed lamas. An old woman turns the "wheel of life" begging alms. The monks' lips move in silent prayer. The monks finger gently the beads strung around their necks.

They are open-countenanced, good-humored, with doe-like eyes that speak of a mute unanswered question. They, too, are on the road to Gangtok, exposed to wind and rain and a pitiless summer sun.

We follow their road. New thoroughfares are being forged here; concrete highways for the rapid transit of men and arms. Military convoys move where pilgrims and mule trains once passed.

Trucks, earth-moving equipment, battalions of jeeps, the jungle green of canvas

By Gordon Graham

Rugged Sikkim: Future Scene of Sino-Indian Conflict?

encampments. Uneasy soldiers from the Indian plains, unused to the treacherous mountain roads. The jeep belonging to three Sikhs dangles from a tree a few feet from the road while the men wait for help. Further on, over a gorge, stunned soldiers stand and we follow their eyes down over the rocks to the bottom of a ravine where a new jeep with a red cross painted on its roof lies squashed.

A tired captain trudges by, leading a long column of Sikh infantrymen, marching heavily with automatic steps on the dusty road, marching without the dash and vigor of the Republic Day parade regiment, marching with labored steps toward the border.

Refugee Tells of Famine

The file of soldiers passes an approaching file, this time refugees from Tibet.

We stop one of the Tibetans and Losang speaks with him. A carpenter from Lhasa, the refugee's eyes are fixed as if sightless, watching the road, the road down which he has come. His glistening black hair is tightly braided with a grimy red cloth and tied behind his head. He has almond eyes and high cheekbones and skin like burnished bronze.

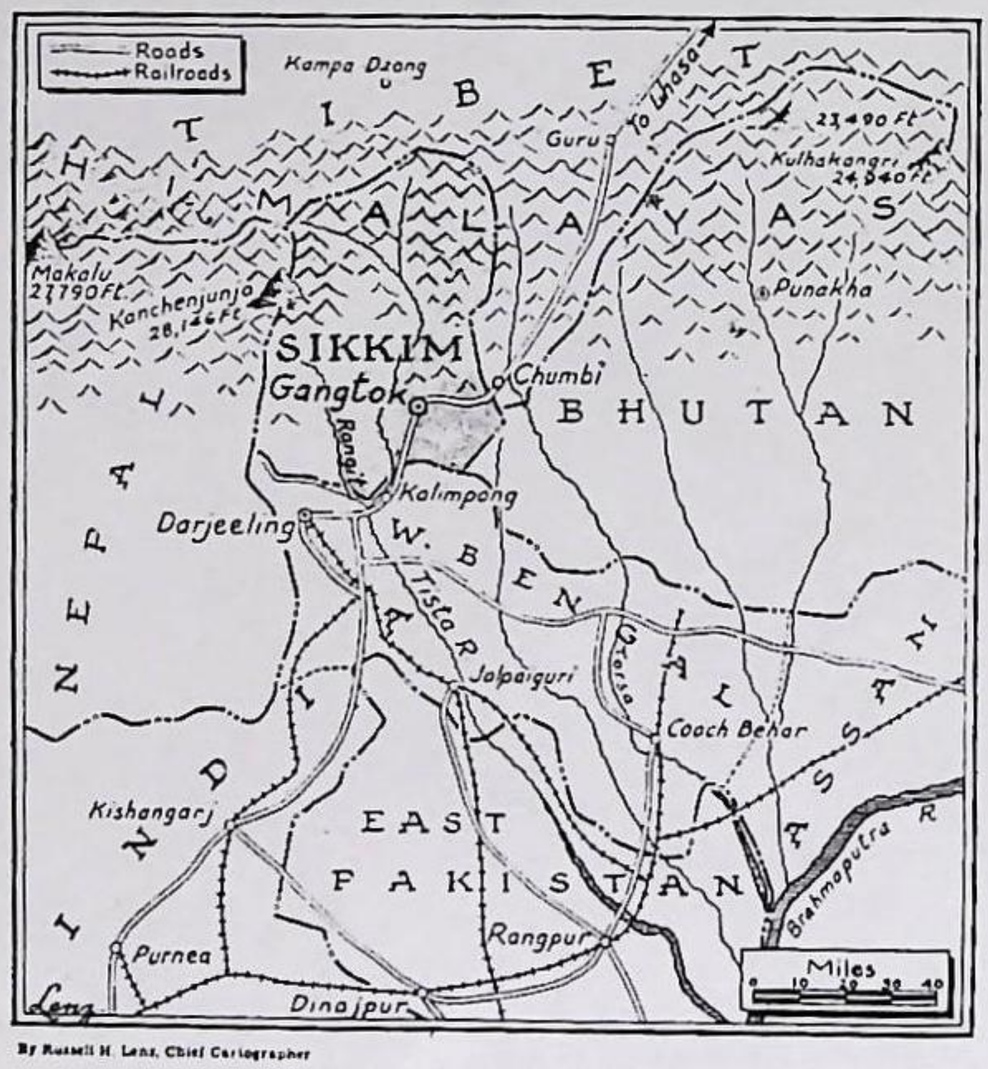
Gyatso, the carpenter, tells of the famine that forced his flight.

During the Iron Mouse Year the Communists required each man to plant 25 seedlings and kill 5 birds. Gyatso says (mostly sparrows which killed crops). From the fourth to sixth month, they were to kill 25 flies daily and rise early each morning to collect manure. From the seventh to 10th month people were to reclaim fallow land and till it. They were also to kill five rats daily.

From the 10th to the 12th month they had to collect bones of dead animals and burn them for use as bone-meal manure. In the ninth month of the Iron Mouse Year, Gyatso says, the food shortage became very great. For a time he was prevented from

Distant Drum Sound

Native of the Region



By Russell H. Lenz, Chief Cartographer

A Passway in South Asia

From the Bookshelf

Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Tracks

By Rubin

Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life, by Ivan T. Sanderson. Philadelphia: Chilton Books. 325 pp. $7.50.

"The world is a large place and we don't know about a lot of it as yet.

"Some things people accept, some they reject. Others, they will accept as long as they have a ready-made answer, but—certain things they simply don't know what to do about."

Thus does Ivan T. Sanderson encourage his readers to drop their prejudices and take a fresh look at the problem of "Abominable Snowmen." For the uninitiated, the original "Abominable Snowman" was supposed to be a mysterious, bestial-but-manlike creature whose tracks were first discovered in the Himalayan mountains of Sikkim in 1887, and who has ever since eluded detection despite the efforts of scientists, mountaineers and adventurers from many parts of the world.

* * *

In fact, other Abominable Snowmen—of various descriptions—have been reported from 100 separate and isolated areas of the globe (including North America), and Mr. Sanderson, a zoologist, has taken on the immense reportorial task of collecting the principal data on the ABSM (Abominable Snowmen) from all these areas. Mr. Sanderson pays credit to Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans of the Royal Museum of Natural History in Belgium for his survey of the subject in an earlier book "On the Track of Unknown Animals."

One of the most curious stories of ABSM related by Mr. Sanderson is that of Albert

21 Dec 1961 Christian Scieme Monitor

page 9 Eastern Edition

Colum 4-5 Boston, Massachusetts

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Beyond, the road twists further, the 33 miles to the border, a road of hope and despair, to windswept plains and the vast reaches of the Tibetan plateau, a road that leads to Tibet, where a Buddhist way of life has been scattered like brittle autumn leaves before winds of Chinese invasion and repression.

We have traveled the road to Gangtok, and can see the short road leading to Communist Tibet.

Do the Chinese see all this area as "a short road" to the plains of northern India?

From the Bookshelf

Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Tracks . . . . . By Richard Neff

Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life, by Ivan T. Sanderson. Philadelphia: Chilton Books. 525 pp. $7.50.

"The world is a large place and we don't know about a lot of it as yet.

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One of the most curious stories of ABSM related by Mr. Sanderson is that of Albert Ostman, a well-traveled, well-educated prospector and lumberman. Mr. Ostman reported that during a vacation in a wild area on the mainland opposite Vancouver Island, British Columbia, he was physically picked up and carried away by an ABSM, and held captive for several days with the ABSM's "family"—a female and two offspring.

Most of Mr. Sanderson's book is simply a collection of such stories (one as recent as Oct. 23, 1959, near Roseburg, Ore.). Most valuable, of course, is the author's treatment of skepticism regarding the stories, and his own conclusions about them.

No ABSM has been caught and retained for examination. Attempts at photographing them have failed. The only actual physical evidence to support thousands of reports are one or two hand-like fragments of skeleton, some excrement, and "hundreds of miles" (in the aggregate) of unexplained tracks.

Yet the ABSM is not a hoax, Mr. Sanderson insists, further pointing out that he cannot see any possible valid argument against the existence of ABSM. He feels simply that "at least three types of ultra-primitive men, and/or sub-men, and/or sub-hominids" exist in the most isolated areas of the world. ABSM should simply remind us that there are different degrees of "manness," he states.

Despite the author's careful study, the reader is left with the feeling that today's highly developed technical methods of detection and capture must very soon explain the ABSM, or else the skeptics will remain unsatisfied.

Atlantic Monthly

Dec 1961 page 111 Vol 208

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verbal accuracy that are the curse of orthodox translators. This deliberately unscholarly approach enables him to deal successfully with poets as diverse as Homer, Villon, and Pasternak.

The pedantic can amuse themselves for hours in cataloguing the liberties taken by Mr. Lowell, and undoubtedly will. It is no matter. Mr. Lowell has turned the work of previously inaccessible poets into English verse that is truly poetry and speaks to the mind and heart of a modern reader, a result seldom achieved by mere grammatical conscientiousness.

ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: LEGEND COME TO LIFE (Chilton, $7.50) is somewhat of a freak, for IVAN T. SANDERSON has devoted nearly five hundred pages to a subject that officially does not exist. Mr. Sanderson's point is, of course, that something does exist, although it may be only mildly abominable and almost certainly does not live in, or even care for, snow.

Mr. Sanderson has collected reports from all over the world, in which responsible, sober citizens describe their collisions with creatures who are apelike but clearly not apes. The best of these stories come from our own Northwest, where something called the Sasquatch is so enterprising that one kidnaped an Indian girl but returned her to her family after a year because, as she put it in her old age, she "aggravated it so much."

The stories Mr. Sanderson has assembled are necessarily somewhat repetitious, but when he has them all fitted together, he draws some interesting conclusions. The localities where Snowmen stories originate are scattered all around the world, but they turn out to have similar characteristics — high mountain forests, undesirable by human standards and thick enough for almost anything to hide out. The failure of various expeditions that looked for Snowmen in the Himalayan snows was foreordained, according to Mr. Sanderson, because they were looking in the wrong place. Whatever the creatures are, they must actually live farther down, where they can find food and cover. Mr. Sanderson does not offer to lead an expedition in pursuit of Sasquatches and the like, and professes to prefer the mystery to any advance in zoology, but he is clearly itching to have somebody do the job right, and it is hard not to itch with him.

REFLECTIONS OF AN INSOMNIAC

With its borrowed title and contents partly retrieved from earlier books, WILSON'S NIGHT THOUGHTS (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50) has the air of being a minor item in the formidable total of EDMUND WILSON'S scholarly and creative writing. Does the title indicate that this collection of essays, poems, and sketches is the residue of a lifelong battle with insomnia? The book cannot be offered as a soporific for readers, for very few people can fall asleep while laughing, and Mr. Wilson has no intention of encouraging excessive sobriety with this work.

Wilson's Night Thoughts includes some sketchy, lyrical, distinctive descriptions of coastal scenery and resort towns, fragments about dreams, reminiscent essays in which the author tries to relate memories of his childhood to a general concept of American character, a few tartly funny pictures, and a lot of poetry.

It is the poetry of a witty, intelligent, cantankerous literary man who understands the structure and function of poetry perfectly, although his natural habitat is prose. As usually happens in such cases, the best of it is irreverent or satirical. Mr. Wilson sums up garden statuary as "lap-dog lions," describes "one of those damn squint-windowed grit and brick New England towns," demolishes advertising and patriotism, turns Nero into a nursery rhyme, and tosses off a parody of MacLeish that reads like something Longfellow thought better of writing. Turning to international linguistics, he observes, "The English always give a nasty wrench To anything they're forced to take from French."

Mr. Wilson's metrical experiments are determined and ingenious. He has a taste for reverse rhymes — "devil" rhymes with "livid," by this system — and indulges it for more pages than one would think possible, given the difficulties involved. He also likes to tinker with elegiac meter, to which he has devoted care and study and which he writes as well as anybody ever has in this language. His efforts prove that English, that thieving, unprincipled, mongrel old Autolycus, does cling immovably to one commandment: Thou shalt not write quantitative verse.

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...g. But why, oh why, Mr. Sanderson, not ...e just a little restraint? Why not admit that ...ere just might not be an abominable snow... Of course, Sanderson may be right. ... science must judge by concrete, positive ...idence; not by unverified stories and opinions ...sed on emotion rather than reason." A. C. ...mith

San Francisco Chronicle p50 D 10 '61 400w

"Mr. Sanderson assembles reports which, it ...ems, have been appearing for decades in ...arious parts of the world, attempts to evaluate ...em, and examines the ethnological, pale...tological, and geographical facts that could ...ave a bearing on the possible continued exist...ence of subhuman creatures in unexplored ...reas of the earth. . . . The material Mr. San...derson has collected is interesting and would ...e more so if the book were half as long. ...he author's tendency to rail repeatedly against ...the closed minds of zoologists becomes an ...rritating mannerism. His style is so deter...minedly popular that it falls halfway between ...that of the editor of a science fiction magazine ...and that of a chatty columnist in a village ...newspaper. However, the book should appeal ...to those interested in unsolved mysteries." H. ...R. Hays

+ — Sat R 44:36 O 21 '61 500w

Reviewed by D. B. Bagg

+ Springf'd Republican p2D N 12 '61 360w

SANDERSON, IVAN T. Abominable snowmen: legend come to life; the story of sub-humans on five continents from the early ice age until today. 525p il pl maps $7.50 Chilton co.

599 Primates 61-10907

"The author of this book starts with . . . legends and conducts a journalistic inquiry into their sources and their veracity. . . . His attempt is to separate fact from fiction and to relate those accounts which are reliable to the theme of the book, viz., that the abominable snowman is a 'hominid' other than known kinds of modern man. His attempt is to relate these legends to anthropology. . . . He believes the abominable snowman does exist, and he suggests the basis for further scientific research." (N Y Her Trib Books) Bibliography. Index.

"The stories Mr. Sanderson has assembled are necessarily somewhat repetitious, but when he has them all fitted together, he draws some interesting conclusions." Phoebe Adams

+ Atlantic 208:114 D '61 290w

"Repetitious, contentious, and controversial, but convincingly presented."

Booklist 58:118 O 15 '61

"Those who think that a majority of experts can't be wrong, or that any creature not thoroly known by now just can't exist, will be unconvinced, of course, if they find Sanderson's book readable at all. Those prepared to concede that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are conceived of in orthodox philosophies will find Sanderson's argument at least plausible and intriguing." A. C. Ames

+ Chicago Sunday Tribune p4 Ja 7 '62 300w

Reviewed by Richard Neff

+ Christian Science Monitor p9 D 21 '61 450w

"Not always convincing, but highly provocative. Written in a very entertaining style too."

+ — Kirkus 29:651 Jl 15 '61 120w

Reviewed by R. W. Henderson

+ Library J 86:3489 O 15 '61 150w

"The author is loquacious but never boring. He is in a sense a special pleader. How an anthropologist would assess his data I do not know. But his book promises to give the abominable snowman a new prominence, at least in legend and folklore." W. O. Douglas

+ N Y Her Trib Books p6 D 24 '61 340w

"No story seems too wild or improbable for Mr. Sanderson. The lack of proof does not seem to bother him. Indeed, he seems to feel it necessary for someone to disprove a story before he will disbelieve it. . . . Mr. Sanderson, as always, is a master writer. His report on the abominable snowmen of the world makes fascinating, indeed at times hair-raising, read-

"A magnificent example of fine craftsma... on the part of engraver, printer and ... maker. . . . In places, Sanderson digress... interesting comments on the semantics of ... words as 'desert,' 'largest,' 'tree' and 'tro... In others he gets caught by forgetting ... ican usage. . . . In both text and illustr... the author has succeeded in presentin... America too few people see—people both ... and abroad. He shows through description ... pictures a series of superlatives that do ... to foster an image of our continent that ... of its occupants would like to encourage ... the most part he does so in a vocabulary ... is flamboyantly American, clear and fac... Lorus and Margery Milne

+ — N Y Times Bk R p7 N 5 '61 750w

Reviewed by William Hogan

San Francisco Chronicle p41 N ... 190w

SANDERSON, IVAN T. The continent we live on; phot. by Eliot Porter [and others]. (A Chanticleer press ed) 299p $20 Random house

574.9 Natural history—North America 61-8958

"To extend his acquaintance with his adopted land and to refresh his familiarity with areas explored on earlier trips, Sanderson, an English-born zoologist, writer and lecturer, spent almost the whole of 1959 traveling some 50,000 miles over the continent he describes. . . . [In this] account of America north of the 20th parallel . . . he divides the area into twenty-one 'provinces' based primarily upon differences in vegetation, and attempts to explain the existence of each in terms of weather, relating this to the distance from the great ocean currents. At the rate of a short chapter per province, he tells . . . of the unusual natural features to be found in each." (N Y Times Bk R) Glossary. Index.

"The illustrations, sharked up from here, there, and everywhere, are partly in color, partly in black and white, and all delightful, although not, to be honest, all equally well reproduced. . . . [Mr. Sanderson] can certainly write entertainingly about the wilds, however, having no fear of amusing irrelevance and an almost eerie ability to foresee and answer, the odd questions that spring up in the mind of the amateur reader." Phoebe Adams

+ — Atlantic 208:189 N '61 220w

+ Booklist 58:328 F 1 '62

+ Bookmark 21:71 D '61 40w

"Sanderson uses a painfully gauche gee-whiz kind of journalese that fails to communicate adequately either the personality of regions or his obviously powerful enthusiasms. Every sentence could be improved by rewriting. It is astounding that self respecting editors would send to the printer a slovenly manuscript so out of phase with the handsome illustrations and format. A large vocabulary glibly used is not acceptable writing." Wilbur Zelinsky

— + Chicago Sunday Tribune p9 N 5 '61 480w

Reviewed by Pamela Marsh

+ Christian Science Monitor p15 N 30 '61 120w

"Over and above the excellence of the text, the detail, and the amplitude, there is the visual excitement of the photographs . . . which are the work of a great many outstanding professionals. . . . A stunning book."

+ Kirkus 29:869 S 15 '61 200w

"This is the most effective kind of conservation argument; although the price is high, libraries will be performing an exemplary public service in making this book available." E. B. Nixon

+ Library J 87:223 Ja 15 '62 90w

"The pictures, even more than the text, make the book. . . . He is a scientist with something of John Gunther's gift for the amazing if irrelevant fact." Lewis Gannett

+ N Y Her Trib Books p3 O 29 '61 900w